Sins of Omission

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Sins of Omission

by jackelope

Summary

Will hasn't been as open with Hannibal as Hannibal has with him, but he needs to work up a little more courage to make *that kind* of confession.

Notes

heed the tags!! this is a big sin zone, oh lord what have I done, don't say you weren't warned ¯_(ツ)_/¯

so I have this weird domestic-type Hannigram AU that was maybe supposed to be someth but whoops I just use for writing kink fic,, and this may be the only thing that ever really comes of it lmao

I have nothing else to say this is horrible and self-indulgent and I must retire for a fortnight to repent for my sins

Chapter 1

Through most of his life, Will hadn't really been the 'sexually adventurous' type. Most often he'd been too demure in relationships to seriously think about approaching his partner with something more than just a little out of their ordinary pattern – though it wasn't like he had an excess of wildly lurid, kinky fantasies anyway. Well...for the most part, at least. There was *one* notable exception, or perhaps a few notable exceptions all revolving around the same theme. Regardless of how it was defined, Will had thoroughly striven to keep that inclination of his a 'dirty little secret' as it were; the thought of telling someone – actually sitting down and *telling* someone – that he was sexually aroused by the idea of being covered in piss seemed like a nightmare and a half. Just about any partner would've reasonably found that disgusting and refused him outright, and from there on it would've made things horrifically awkward between them – probably *forever*.

Still, there was this stupid, *stupid* little spark of something almost like hope in the back of his mind that kept telling him things could be different with Hannibal.

Hannibal was definitely the kinkiest partner Will had ever had, at least as far as he was aware of. He'd done a lot of things with Hannibal that he'd never tried with anyone else before, most of which he'd actually found himself liking – and some he'd found himself *really* liking. But it wasn't just that Hannibal was into a bunch of kinky stuff that happened to be a lot of fun, it was that he'd always been so open and accommodating with Will about it all. Having never partaken in anything distinctly 'kinky' before, Will had thus never truly experienced the process of *negotiating* sexual activities either; at first, those discussions with Hannibal had been more than a little awkward in their own right, but Will had still been surprised by how gentle and reassuring Hannibal was when he was addressing such subjects. He always stressed the importance of Will's voice during those conversations, even though Hannibal was usually the one guiding the direction their scenes took.

So, he'd probably love to hear Will come forward with a suggestion of his own. Maybe even if what Will suggested was as nasty as he wanted it to be. At the very least, he'd be willing to hear him out, right?

Despite repeatedly circling back around to that same train of thought, it took Will quite a while before he finally resolved to actually talk to Hannibal about this secret kink of his. And, even then, it was still some time before he actually *did* it. Bringing up sex out of the blue wasn't entirely unusual between the two of them, and Hannibal rarely closed himself off from being approached, so Will was left with far too many opportunities to enter into that long-dreaded conversation. He let many of them flow past him without saying anything, or ended up backing down and drawing up a different subject instead.

But, eventually, one fateful night arose where an extra glass of wine (or two) brought out just enough blind courage in Will for him to at least get past the fearsome threshold of *initiating* that conversation. Hannibal had retired to the study after dinner to work on a drawing he was invested in, and not even twenty minutes later Will arrived at the door to greet him. Hannibal lifted his head and gave him a gentle, *"Hello."* when he noticed him, which was an indirect

invitation for Will to come in if he wanted to. Taking a firm hold on that tiny deposit of senseless bravery he had accrued, Will mustered a smile and strode with false confidence into the fold of Hannibal's luxurious study.

“How's that sketching going, hon?” He asked, with a vibrant, rosy smile on his face.

“Wonderfully, my dear.” Was Hannibal's amiable answer to that question. Will strutted up to him, peering over his desk to see a handsome charcoal of Winston with his head cocked, obviously unfinished but already radiating that distinctive canine charm. “You think I'm doing him justice?” Prompted Hannibal in a playful tone.

“He looks great.” Will replied with fondness. “He's got that Winston spark of mischief about him.” He appreciated, now standing right beside Hannibal's chair. The two exchanged a mutual smile as foreplay for a short, friendly kiss. By the time they parted, Will could already see the gears turning behind Hannibal's eyes; he'd probably been taking subtle note of Will's mannerisms since the moment he'd first noticed him there, and was undoubtedly already trying to figure out what was going on in Will's mind. The two could almost never help but to over-analyze each other, especially if one of them was acting even the slightest bit cryptic or unusual. And, for better or for worse, they were both highly adept at said analysis.

“So, uhh,” Will began, knowing very well that Hannibal would start prompting him one way or another if he didn't. “I was wondering if we could...try something new tonight?” He proposed, adding a coy little flutter of his eyelashes.

“I am always interested in new experiences.” Came Hannibal's rather casual reply. “What did you have in mind?” He proposed, turning back to his desk for a moment to cover his drawing. Apparently he had very quickly resigned himself to not getting much more done while Will was in this sort of sultry mood. Will, however, felt a bit cowed by having Hannibal's undivided attention, and that stupid, dizzying sense of motivation he'd arrived with shriveled down to near nothing.

“Well, I, uhh...” Will staggered, deliberately avoiding Hannibal's sharp gaze. Faltering now left him feeling even more awkward, and a soft blush struck beneath his eyes. He glanced down at the floor to refresh his eyes before letting them travel back to Hannibal's face, still deliberately avoiding his curious stare and yet still finding himself unrelentingly unable to speak.

“There's no need to be shy, Will.” Hannibal crooned in an attempt to reassure him. After a quick assessment, he gracefully lifted himself to his feet to stand at Will's level. “I'm not here to judge you.” He declared, with almost grave solemnity. He searched Will's face for an answer, not wanting to foist any pressure on Will to rush out a verbal response. Will was *blank*, any other emotions he may have felt masked with surprising thoroughness by the obvious sense of embarrassment that had overtaken him and now refused to leave. Evidently stricken by a pang of sympathy, Hannibal extended a hand to tenderly brush Will's hair back along the side of his head, fingertips dancing over the apex of his ear in that unique way that never failed to make Will break out in goosebumps. “Even if we decide not to do it, I would still like to hear what it is you're interested in.” Hannibal continued, though Will was far too high on the feeling of Hannibal tracing that sensitive spot behind his ear to fully process what he was saying.

“O...okay.” Will murmured, feebly pretending like he'd been listening. Then, taking quick stock of the situation, he lunged forward to nuzzle Hannibal and kiss at the base of his jaw. This was mostly a method of avoiding having to look at Hannibal's face while he spoke, and though he didn't doubt Hannibal would see through it in an instant, the other man did not deny him. He embraced Will tenderly and nuzzled him back, silently waiting for him to speak. Closing his eyes, Will pushed the side of his face against Hannibal's and mumbled, “I want you to...” But the rest of the words piled up against one another and he couldn't force them out his mouth. Half of a frustrated sigh at his own incompetence was all that sprang to replace them.

“Tell me.” Instructed Hannibal, his prescriptive tone underlain by something subtly softer and more welcoming. “It's alright.” He was firm, not quite stern, but reassuring. Pressing Will because he knew he had to. Will nodded against his cheek and tried to ignore the fevered thrumming of his pulse in his throat.

“I want you to piss on me.” He whispered, feeling his last ounce of courage escape with that admission. The words emerged soft and slurred, as though Will was intentionally trying to bar him from understanding what he was saying. Hannibal purred just shy of a chuckle (though Will didn't know what to make of that) and gave Will's neck a soft, tender kiss.

“Is that it?” Hannibal murmured, with a sly, teasing edge to his voice.

“Y...yeah?” Was Will's answer, tilted upwards at the end to indicate he was unsure of what exactly Hannibal wanted from him. Another half-chuckle buffeted the side of his neck, apparently this time in more genuine amusement. Hannibal brought a hand up to brush Will's hair behind his ear again, practically feeling his nerves light up at the sensation.

“I would do that for you, Will.” Whispered Hannibal, teeth softly grazing the very base of Will's ear. “No need to fluster yourself over something like that.” Will wanted to thank him, but the embarrassment of his confession hadn't left him yet, and he was still hot from head to toe regardless of how Hannibal was trying to calm him. As though making to intentionally emphasize this, Hannibal quickly pulled back so that he and Will were face-to-face again, softly resting his forehead against Will's. Will lit up before Hannibal's eyes, his fair skin blossoming into a deep, ruddy pink within seconds. This blush colonized all of his cheeks, stretching out to the tops of his ears, and Hannibal could picture it subtly claiming him all the way down to his neck. The look of admiration in his dark eyes made it obvious enough that he found Will particularly beautiful like this, even in spite of not wanting him to feel ashamed. Will gave him a nervous sort of smile and shied back a bit, averting his eyes in embarrassment.

“S-Sorry...” He stammered, feeling even more horribly embarrassed when he couldn't force the sentence past his lips. “I've never told anyone that I'm...that I'm *into* that kinda thing.”

“Don't worry about it.” Was Hannibal's tender, murmured response. “And don't be afraid to tell me about things like this, alright?” He whispered, his mouth hardly an inch from Will's, warm breath buffeting his face, smirking at the very corners of his lips.

“Then stop gawking at me while I blush.” Will huffed, grinning playfully back at him. Hannibal's short smirk blossomed into a full-blown smile, which were so handsome they

always left Will keen to forgive him for just about anything.

“I can't help it.” Purred Hannibal, lowly and lovingly. “You look so beautiful.” And he lifted a hand to stroke Will's cheek with his knuckles, feeling how hot his flushed skin was and gasping lightly at the sensation. He persisted in adoring Will's blushing visage for a moment before once again taking control of his composure and asking pointedly, “You've never admitted this desire of yours to anyone else you've been with?”

Will felt his blush bloom anew, quite effectively counteracting the brief time it'd had to die down. “No.” He answered, not sure whether or not he'd intended to sound so timid. Hannibal nodded twice, but had drawn his emotions back from the surface and was regressing into being nigh on unreadable.

“Yet you've nonetheless indulged these types of fantasies before, haven't you?” Asked Hannibal, rather boldly and certainly with the timbre of a statement rather than a proper question. “You simply did it alone.” He followed up, affirming his excessive confidence. Will swallowed hard; he could swear he was blushing clear down to his *knees* by now, getting redder with each passing second, and knowing how much Hannibal loved seeing him like that wasn't helping in the least.

“Well...y-yes.” Will admitted in a slight, shy voice, once he had regained enough of himself to speak. Hannibal's lips turned up again, but this time his subtle grin had a more sinister edge to it.

“Sitting against the wall in your shower, before you turned the water on...” He began, voice slow and sultry, obviously taunting Will. “You gently parted your legs, took your shaft into your hand, and aimed it at your chest. Then you urged yourself to release – despite how hard the mere thought had already made you.” Will closed his eyes and listened to Hannibal, murmuring so close to his ear, stirring up that shameful desire. “Did it feel good, Will?” He hissed, just accusatory enough to be scintillating yet just affectionate enough to be sensual. “To urinate on yourself like that?”

Throughout the course of listening, Will had thus far been fairly still, staring blankly ahead at Hannibal, but the implicit question marks at the end of his last two statements caught in Will's skin like fishhooks, both eliciting a hint of a flinch. “Yes. *God* yes, it did.” He confessed, the words spilling from him harshly and guiltily as though he were admitting to a crime. “It felt so fucking good, and I felt so...so fucking *dirty*.” He gasped as if he were desperate for air, as though the admission was suffocating him.

Hannibal did not relent. “I'll bet you *were*.” He crooned, nuzzling against Will's cheek to put his malevolent mouth closer to Will's waiting ear. “You let it get all over, didn't you?” He hummed, nearly sounding something adjacent to proud in his awe. “Naughty boy.” And he grazed the side of Will's neck with his teeth. Will closed his eyes, leaned his head back, and nodded, knowing Hannibal would feel the motion and understand. He did, of course, but apparently that was not enough for him. With a suave curl of his lip so devilish Will could all but see it even with his eyes closed, Hannibal found himself cruel enough to ask, “I'll bet you even got it in your mouth, didn't you?” With a sensual hum of fascination carrying his voice.

Will might as well have turned to stone in Hannibal's arms, the way he froze up at such an utterance. Hannibal didn't pay that any mind, though, and chuckled right against Will's cheek. “Such a filthy boy, aren't you, Will?” He purred, tone now almost *reverent*, as if he were admiring what he had trawled out of the most perverse depths of Will's mind.

“Y-Yes, I'm such a filthy boy...I tasted my own piss.” Will stuttered, wrapping his arms even tighter around Hannibal in desperation to support himself.

“And that's not all, is it, Will?” Hissed Hannibal. Will choked on his breath and waited in what was all but suspended animation for Hannibal to answer his own question – but he had certainly not expected that answer to come in the form of another question. “There's another way you've indulged yourself, isn't there?” Hannibal whispered, his voice scarcely above unintelligible. Will knew what he was talking about, but that second inquiry made him feel like he'd been punched in the gut and he couldn't summon even a single word to answer. Hannibal pressed his lips to the base of Will's ear and left a tiny, almost imperceptible kiss there. “I want you to show me.”

The only thing a completely stupefied Will could even think to reply with was, “R...right now?”

Hannibal tried to suppress his laughter, but couldn't contain it completely. Will suddenly felt even more embarrassed than he already had, and pressed his eyes shut as hard as he could in desperation to will the moment away. “No, no.” Hannibal murmured, regaining his composure, but still sounding very much like he had just stopped laughing. “I want you to be ready, Will. And I want to be ready, too.” He continued, finally pulling away to look Will in the face – of course at the moment when he appeared immensely flustered and more than a little ruffled in his embarrassment. Nonetheless, Hannibal was staring him down as though he were the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen, more wondrous to his eyes than the splendid artistry of any painting or glorious piece of architecture he'd ever set his hungering gaze upon.

“C'mon, I told you to quit looking at me like that.” Muttered Will, watching Hannibal's lips part as he freed a gentle sigh from his mouth, still basking in the sight of the ashamed and flushed Will in front of him.

“I'm sorry.” He apologized readily, though the glint in his eyes denied the seriousness of his tone. “Don't sulk – please?” Will huffed at him and then turned his face away, adamantly denying his request. He heard Hannibal chuckle very faintly in front of him, prior to coyly declaring, “Well...I'm going to go have a glass of water. Perhaps you would like to join me? We could...talk some more.”

Chapter 2

Hannibal had, to put it very lightly, an esoteric taste in film. Will had mostly seen him enjoy (at least insofar as he visibly enjoyed anything) grotesquely detailed art history documentaries, slow-moving social dramas, and highly obscure foreign films, some of them amazingly old. Occasionally a more accessible piece would manage to keep him enthralled, but even his most relaxed fare was typically quite dense. They overlapped some in their enjoyment of psychological horror and murder thrillers, though Will had more of a warm affinity for such than Hannibal did. Will could (and did) tolerate Hannibal's eclectic tastes, though his interest was usually reserved at best. The added distraction of anticipating sex wasn't even alien to the situation, but this time he was anticipating wild, kinky, *filthy* sex, the kind he'd only fantasized about in absolute secret up until now, and that was *excessively* distracting. Having a glass of ice water rapidly sweating on the table beside him didn't help either, nor did the fact that Hannibal hadn't even had the decency to cue up something in *English*, so when Will drifted off into clinking the ice cubes around in his glass and thinking about each one pressed under his tongue, quickly melting into a burst of cold water and dancing down his throat, the murmuring French from the TV didn't even register in his brain.

Hannibal didn't seem to mind, though – and besides, the conversation they made wasn't even about the movie they were supposed to be watching anyway. Hannibal would see Will light up with blush (to varying degrees) several more times throughout the night as he coaxed more dirty talk out of Will, trying to flesh out his fantasy. However, a staggering amount of their dialogue was just one of them suggestively offering to refill the other's glass while they got up to refill their own – and indeed such was a frequent occurrence for at least the first portion of this layover of theirs. Will didn't even realize just how much water he was downing until about half an hour had passed, at which point his body very abruptly alerted him to how rapidly he was filling his bladder.

Will knew he had a lot more of sitting on the couch to endure; there was no way Hannibal was going to just terminate this movie night affair early so that they could get right on to their scene. Of course, Will had seen the cues for this game from a mile away, and he wouldn't have sat down next to Hannibal with a glass of water if he hadn't been willing to play from the beginning. The thought, in fact, almost put a smirk at the corners of his mouth. How lewd, how positively *degenerate* of him to get excited while thinking about this lurid challenge, about seeing just how long he could hold it for, feeling that pressure building and building just above his groin until it was nothing short of agonizing.

Hannibal seemed to notice that Will was beginning to form a smile, as he gave a sly glance over in Will's direction and curled his lip himself. “Having nice thoughts?” He asked, in that loving murmur of a voice that invariably summoned a pang of blissful contentment into Will's heart.

“Mmm-hmm.” Hummed Will, giving Hannibal his best attempt at a sensual look. Hannibal shuffled back towards Will about an inch, letting his hand pass over the outside of Will's thigh, sparking a ripple of anticipation that sharpened the continuous tension in his bladder.

Hannibal seemed to notice the little twitch Will gave, shoving his legs together just that much tighter to counteract that tiny prickling urge.

“I can tell.” Uttered Hannibal, eyes darting slyly back up to Will's face.

“I'm just...a little excited.” Came Will's nearly breathless reply. He grinned at Hannibal, no longer really trying to hide said excitement, and Hannibal reflected it back at him in the form of a much more restrained smirk. Then, undoubtedly with the intention of aggravating Will's stress levels in one form or another, Hannibal snaked his arm behind Will's neck and let it drape over his shoulder, pulling his warm, vibrant body closer.

“I know, dear.” He murmured, leaning over to peck Will's cheek with a momentary kiss. Will huffed at him a little, showing a sort of soft-edged dismissal for the sentimentality of that gesture. “I hope you won't find it too hard to contain yourself.” Remarked Hannibal, flavoring his voice with amusement at his own double entendre. Will scoffed audibly at Hannibal, shuffling to nudge him playfully with his elbow.

“I've got a handle on things.” Will retorted, trying to flatten his voice and hide his amusement.

“Yes, I'm certain you do.” Hannibal agreed with him, though in a manner that strictly suggested he had more to say nonetheless. “But, if you *lose* your handle on things, you know you can go to the restroom if you need to.”

Will turned his gaze towards Hannibal, ignoring the steady, sensual murmured French and hazy glow of soft light flooding out from the TV just to admire his lover's face. He couldn't help but smile, mostly at Hannibal's eternal concern for him. “Alright.” He answered eventually, the word leaving his lips as no more than a soft, timid whisper. “I'll keep that in mind. Now, don't worry about me, okay?” Will insisted, that smile still undeniably audible in his voice. The first response he got from Hannibal was a brush of his hand against Will's inner thigh, only barely stopping before touching his groin.

“I just want to make sure everything is perfect for you.” Whispered Hannibal; Will could all but feel the flutters of his lips as he spoke, as close as the man's mouth was to his ear. Will closed his eyes and surrendered himself to the sensual sound of his partner's voice. “Tonight is about what you want.” Hannibal continued, not elevating his voice above that gentle murmur. “All *I* want...” He hissed, pausing to make Will shiver with an expertly soft lick up the edge of his ear. “Is to make sure it's just right. Just how you want it.” Will could barely even understand what he was saying, he was so locked into the way the sound of Hannibal's voice and the feeling of his breath. Both sensations channeled clear down to his sex, the arousal conflicting with how badly he needed to piss. Will nodded slowly, gently, just to tell Hannibal he understood.

He was almost startled when he felt one of Hannibal's hands land on the further side of his face, guiding Will to look towards him. Hannibal had a bright little smile hiding at the corners of his mouth, which Will mirrored as soon as he saw it. He had to search his mind deeply to remember the last time he'd seen Hannibal smile so many times in a night. All things considered, he seemed positively *giddy* at this new development – which had not at all been on the list of things Will had expected of him. Though, it *was* many times better than the

myriad of pessimistic outcomes Will had spent his time imagining. He thanked Hannibal by kissing that lovely miniature smile of his, with his passion quickly turning from sensual to sexual, mouthing at Hannibal's lower lip as though in supplication. Hannibal moaned into the kiss for a moment, but only a moment – his composure was too strong to let Will have much more.

“Oh...don't get too eager yet, dear.” Hannibal sighed, eyes lidded and dark with lust, breath still running hot over Will's tongue. Will's lips twitched in faint longing as Hannibal finally turned away, clearing his throat and proclaiming, “Let's be patient, shall we?” Will pursed his lips for a moment, dismaying at the loss of intimacy, but just a touch more thought turned that pout back into a smile.

“Patience *is* a virtue, isn't it?” Purred Will jokingly. Hannibal didn't look at him, but Will saw his brow raise slightly out of the corner of his eye.

“And you need all the virtue you can get, naughty boy.” He quipped, quite effective a retort. The fact that Hannibal still hadn't looked at him made the other, more implicit message in that statement quite clear: the man had no intention of consoling him with affection any further. Aiding Will in finding relief from this challenge of his was once again all but the furthest thing from his mind.

Will had not been exceptionally invested in this drawn-out French drama from the beginning, but by now it had grown positively *droll* in comparison to the thoughts that were thrashing wildly around in Will's head. He grew excessively restless, shifting and squeezing his legs constantly, tapping his fingers and licking his lips as he watched his glass sweat. Hannibal noticed – he was an exceptionally keen man who noticed just about *everything*, and Will was not being anything close to subtle. *Certainly* he noticed, and pressed his lips together in exasperation many times, but did not want to give Will the satisfaction of so much as reprimanding him. Negative attention was still attention, after all.

Near the end of the film, Will was almost feverish, tense in every part of his body, breath shuddering, groans of discomfort barely being stifled before they jumped from his lips. He had to pee perhaps worse than he ever had before, and crossing his legs tightly barely did anything to make it better. Hannibal finally tried to comfort him by caressing his leg gently around his knee, but such only made Will more intimately aware of every sensation in his body – leading to the suspicion that perhaps it was never meant to be comforting in the first place. Despite the previous attempts he'd shown to be reassuring, Will wouldn't have put it past Hannibal. He had reminded Will once or twice that he was free to get up and use the bathroom if he wanted or felt he needed to, but Will *didn't* want to. Even stretched to his limits near the very end of this trial, he remained resolute, tiding himself over by thinking about how good it would feel when he finally did let go, how *euphoric* that moment would be.

He barely even noticed when Hannibal's movie ended. If the other man had not heralded it, he may very well have sat there staring emptily at the dull screen for several more minutes before it occurred to him he was already watching the credits.

“Very good, Will.” Praised Hannibal, his words so soft and delicate it was almost as though he were afraid his voice could physically hurt Will. He glanced over to take stock of Will's

status and no doubt took his near-stupor as a negative indicator, even though what came over Will at that moment was a rush of excitement so strong it very nearly felt like he was being lifted off the couch. Hannibal reached a hand over to pet Will's cheek, hoping to get his partner to look in his direction. Will seemed to suddenly snap to attention and immediately obliged with an alert, expectant stare. Hannibal could obviously see the eagerness within his tension, but his concern did not vanish so easily. “You did very good.” He reaffirmed, softly stroking the hair that curled over the peak of Will's ear. “You feel ready?”

“More than ready.” Will answered almost in haste, turning his head further to guide Hannibal's fingers towards his lips, curling the tip of his thumb into his mouth to gently suck at it in supplication.

“Well – I think we should head to the restroom, then.” Hannibal pronounced, rather decisively and matter-of-factly, with little attention to the way Will was lovingly sucking on his fingers.

Will didn't mind; his heart lurched to the back of his throat and the *thrill*, the surge of excitement at the fact that they were right at the threshold, very nearly hit him so hard he lost control and started to spill right there. He narrowly managed to stop it, clamping his thighs together as the fullness of his bladder overcame him again. While Hannibal meticulously took his time turning off the TV, Will readied himself to stand up. Hauling himself to his feet brought on a wholly different kind of rush, the sudden change in the pull of gravity channeling through his entire body. The pressure sharpened, hurting harshly and not relenting much at all; Will crossed his legs in desperation, forsaking balance for the sake of holding in the flood of piss that wanted to pour from him. He *couldn't* let it – not just yet. Soon, *so* soon, he'd have his chance, and then he could revel in the relief and the filthiness of how good it made him feel all he wanted. It was in his sights; just a *little* longer was all he needed.

Hannibal was concerned when Will faltered so quickly and rushed to put a hand on his shoulder, assailing him with a string of questions – was he alright, was he going to make it, and was there anything Hannibal could do for him? Will avidly insisted he would make it, it was only a few rooms away and he would be fine. As badly as he needed release, the thought of making a mess of Hannibal's floor was enough of a fighting drive to keep him steady just long enough. Making their way into the master bedroom, Will could see the open door of the bathroom and all but sprinted towards it, but as his steps quickened over beside the bed he shared with Hannibal, he felt the man grab him – firmly, but not too harshly – and pulled him down hastily onto the edge of the bed. The quick and unexpected motion forced Will to stifle both a yelp and the threat of pissing himself, snaking a hand between his legs as though to literally hold it in. “*Hannibal*.” He whined, flustered. “Please – ahh...” Will gasped as Hannibal took him in his arms and hungrily kissed down the side of his neck, nuzzling beside his ear and nipping the sensitive skin, purring when Will whimpered. “Hannibal, *please* – I can't keep holding it.” Will insisted, his hands now wildly clawing at Hannibal's back. Hannibal lapped at the crook of his ear, staying too stoic for Will to push him away.

“Ah, you're so lovely when you're desperate.” Regarded Hannibal, still stalling. His adoration of Will when he was frantic, despairing, absolutely *desperate*, was nothing new; he had pushed Will to that end many times before, made him beg for the release he was in such ardent need of. It had never been *this* release, had always been Will begging to come, but the

parallel was easy to draw. If Hannibal had enjoyed *that* as much as he had, there was no reason for him not to enjoy this as well. Hannibal all but pushed against him, weight bearing down on Will, mouth assailing his neck and one hand tugging at his shirt. Had Will had the faculties about him, he would've been all but aghast at this uncharacteristic display of esurience from Hannibal, but as it was the agony in his lower body had his attention firmly captive.

“Hannibal, *please*...” Will all but sobbed, gripping and pulling at Hannibal's shirt. “I'm *serious*; if you keep teasing me, I'm gonna...” Then Will's voice collapsed beneath him and he couldn't say any more. He tried to wrap his legs around one of Hannibal's, hoping he could grip it between his thighs to help himself hold back.

“Tell me.” Hannibal ordered, in a domineering growl of a voice.

Will sucked his breath to the bottom of his lungs, chewed his lip, and spat, “I'm gonna piss all over your bed.” Despite the fact that this was a bed they shared, Will pinned its ownership on Hannibal with accusatory emphasis.

He most certainly did not expect Hannibal's immediate response to be, “Mmh, yes, darling, why don't you let go for me?” Frustrated with what he assumed was further insistence on teasing him, Will constricted Hannibal's leg between his own, only to feel Hannibal deliberately push on one of his knees to thwart that attempt.

“Hannibal, I *can't*.” Will whined in vehement protest, still assuming Hannibal was merely toying with him. “I'll ruin your sheets and I...it'll soak into the mattress...” Will struggled, his body rigid but his mind flailing wildly as he fell into a thoughtless abyss controlled by only physical sensation.

Hannibal nosed at the back of Will's jaw. “You let *me* worry about cleaning up, sweet.” He murmured, his lips all but pressed to Will's skin. “Just lean back and let me see, hmm? I want to watch.”

As Hannibal spoke, in small, shallow words, hot against the sensitive skin right beneath his ear, Will realized he was serious. A word tried to form in his throat, but by the time it reached the air beyond his lips it was nothing more than a pale, indeterminate whine. Hannibal took Will by his sides and gently pulled him away, leaving Will without the comfort of his warm body.

Will swallowed hard, but nervousness was just about the furthest thing from his mind. He was so aroused he nearly felt dizzy, and quite literally the only thoughts within his head were variations on how badly he wanted to do exactly as Hannibal had told him. With enviable obedience, he spread his lightly trembling legs and leaned back on his hands, pulling his hips forward so that Hannibal would have the best view possible.

And he chewed his lip and willed himself, in the deepest part of his brain, to let go. Yet despite how pressing his need was his body didn't *want* to; trying to release while as hard as he was and trying to do so while still clothed were each strenuous enough on their own, and even though he'd done both before he still felt resistance digging its claws into him.

“Do you need some help?” Hannibal asked in a soft, crooning voice.

It was so easy to forget in day-to-day life that Hannibal was possessed of deeply thorough anatomical knowledge – but every now and then, however rare, there was a moment like *this*, where his intimate familiarity with the human body and its machinations enabled him to manipulate or activate some very precise part of Will's body and he was shocked into remembering.

He was pressing two of his fingers forcefully against Will's lower abdomen, right above his groin and right where it hit his bladder the hardest. Will's jaw went slack and he felt the rush before he even realized what was happening. Hannibal lifted his hand without a word; Will didn't dare look to his face to assess his reaction. He could feel the warmth spreading out from his crotch, soaking clear through the thick fabric of his jeans in all but an instant. On almost nothing but instinct, he looked down and saw the dark spot spreading rapidly through his pants, trickling down his thighs, leaking right through his clothes and into the sheets. Will clamped a hand in front of his mouth to stifle himself, overwhelmed by the roiling conflict between the euphoric pleasure of finally letting go and the wailing voice in the back of his head that was trying to assert to him that this was *wrong,* that he most definitely shouldn't be pissing his fucking pants at all, much less sitting on a bed and with someone else *watching* him.

That attempt of his social conscience to argue with this movement was relatively short-lived; it felt too good, after hours of holding it in until it had hurt at a steady thrum right above his belt line, for Will to stop. He kept his hand over his mouth, which did little to hide the miserable whimpers and moans of begrudging pleasure Will uttered as he helplessly watched his pants soak through with piss.

“Good, Will.” Hannibal muttered, barely discernible above the rushing of blood in his ears and the quiet trickling of piss through his pants, over the sheets, down the length of his legs. Will's breath buffeted the back of his hand as he panted, not calmed much at all by Hannibal's attempt to soothe him. Hannibal continued nonetheless, humming out, “Yes, good – *very* good.” Hearing his voice again, Will finally ventured to glance up at his face and was somehow surprised to see him with his mouth just barely hanging open, eyes lidded and pupils wide as he stared down at the spectacle Will was performing for him. Lust was painted in stark colors on his face, and following the slope of his body down to his waist Will saw the other man palming his apparent erection through his pants.

Will twisted his hand and bit down on his forefinger; he was still pissing, a shuddering stream of hot fluid coursing clear down to his ankles like a fucking *river* rushing down a mountain. And Hannibal was not only watching him soak his jeans like the filthy, filthy degenerate creature he was, but *getting off* on it, touching himself to it. Will had unconsciously tried to close his legs, in response to which Hannibal nudged his knee and promptly eased them apart again. Will's teeth sank further into his own flesh, pangs of pain now shooting down his finger as he tried not to wail in conflicted pleasure. He kept pouring out for what felt like forever, until at long last the steady stream slowed down to a trickle and finally stopped. Wet denim clung to his skin from his groin to his ankles, heavy and scintillatingly warm. The wet spot on the white sheet beneath was stained a yellowish hue, and the pungent yet somehow still exciting smell of piss was thick in the air.

He released the grip of his teeth, abruptly realizing how hard he had been biting down on his finger. A pathetic whimper eked out of his mouth the moment his jaw relaxed, lauded by a heavy sigh of contentment from Hannibal. “My, Will...” He panted, voice threaded through with tender admiration so passionate it almost sounded like *adoration*. “You made quite a mess, didn't you? Got yourself so wet for me.”

Will nodded, though hesitantly, all but overwhelmed and quite unsure of what to say. He could see Hannibal still rubbing himself, and even caught the way he subtly ran his tongue over his lower lip – needy, longing, impatient; all the things Hannibal was not. This really *was* exciting him; he wasn't merely playing along to satisfy Will, but enjoying it just as wholly himself. “Very good, Will. Wonderful.” Murmured Hannibal. His praise was likely only being given in order to soothe Will, seeing his silence as a sign he was either overloaded or very unsure of himself. “Now, let's get you out of those wet clothes, hmm?” Hannibal purred, reaching his free hand out to pet Will's hair.

Will nodded in agreement; the scintillating warmth was already starting to fade, and once at room temperature that wetness would no longer be so sinfully pleasurable, rather just uncomfortable. And, of course, there was the sudden recollection that there was a whole other *phase* to partake in, which he was more than eager for. Hannibal stopped rubbing himself to caress the sides of Will's face and then trail his hands down his body, touching him lovingly before he even began to take off his pants. “Are you alright, dear?” Asked Hannibal, quietly and endearingly, nuzzling Will's hair as he stood in front of him.

“Yes – yes, hon.” Will answered him, lifting his head so that Hannibal could lean down to kiss him on the lips. Will was full of fire, smoke in his veins and steam in his mouth, but that burning was abated for a few moments while Hannibal's lips danced with his. Hannibal kissed him tenderly, lovingly, mouthing softly at his lips to soothe him. Will almost forgot about the cooling wetness swathing his lower body, gladly kissing and nuzzling him back with his eyes closed and his breaths slowly calming.

“You're ready?” Hannibal whispered, stroking that sensitive spot behind Will's ear with his thumb as he held the other's head in his hand.

“Yes.” Will barely more than mouthed, barely even hearing the word himself. A few slow, short nods followed to affirm. Hannibal nuzzled the side of his face again, then pushed Will back so that he was lying down. Hannibal sidled up between his legs – seemingly without worrying at all about getting Will's piss on his clothes – and leaned down to warmly kiss the base of Will's neck. Will watched him with curious eyes, pupils consuming the radiant blue of his irises as they continued to swell with lust. He felt Hannibal undo his fly in record time, then reach in to let his fingers run over the length of Will's hard, twitching cock, which lept even more under his touch. Will whined faintly at the feeling, which brought out a little purr from Hannibal as he gently rubbed Will though his soaked underwear. They were warm and wet and stuck to his skin, and Will's quiet whimpers immediately ascended to loud, longing whines.

“Mmh, so hard for me, aren't you?” Hummed Hannibal, with a subtle hint of playfulness to his voice. Lips parted as though ready to speak again, he lifted his head and gazed up at Will's face, admiring how stricken he looked, eyes wide and face flushed, a warm

vulnerability to his need. “Does being wet like this make you hard?” He whispered, cupping Will's shaft and balls in his palm and causing him to choke on a heated whimper.

“Y...yes.” Gasped Will, seemingly unsure of whether or not he was meant to sound ashamed. Hannibal stroked up his length, pressing the soaking wet fabric against Will's cock as he squeezed just slightly. Hannibal leaned up to bring his face flush with Will's again, to rub his jaw against Will's, to feel the familiar scratch of his beard on his face.

“It makes me hard too.” Whispered Hannibal almost *reverently* as he gripped Will's cock even tighter. Will whimpered beneath him and wriggled helplessly, and Hannibal knew he couldn't take much more of being teased like this. Or, so Will assumed, as Hannibal promptly released Will's aching erection from his grasp with a satisfied hum. Hannibal was nothing if not keenly perceptive, and he knew Will well; he could always tell when something was too much for Will, even without the safe word. They understood each other, on that wordless level, all but impeccably.

Hannibal curled his fingers under the waistband of Will's pants, beginning to peel them down with deep restraint, as though he were pulling the wrapping off of a delicate, delectable treat, a fine piece of chocolate he dared not taint with too much of his touch. He had to stand up and draw back somewhat in order to get them all the way off, but Will allowed him without any protest. The thick cloth was half-adhered to Will's skin where it was wet, and was sluggish when it came to pulling away, but Hannibal didn't seem to mind. A soft, adoring sigh escaped him once he finally tugged Will's pants off his ankles and glued his eyes to Will's soaked underwear, and the spots where his skin was still slick along the insides of his thighs. A quivering sigh eked out of Will's lungs, and he trembled faintly under Hannibal's hungry gaze.

Hannibal's fingers hooked the band of Will's underwear like bloodthirsty claws, yet he rolled them down with perhaps even less vigor than he had the outer layer of his jeans. They were heavy and bunched up into a knot of soaked cloth around his thighs, and Will hissed at the feeling of his cock finally springing from underneath that barrier. His shaft twitched as it curled upwards towards his stomach, already hard and thoroughly flushed from how wildly aroused he was. He closed his eyes as he felt the heavy tangle of his underwear stick to his legs all the way down their length. Hannibal, however, sighed happily as he wrestled them off of Will's ankles, a purring admiration of the prize in his hands.

He brought the rumpled, sodden pair of boxer briefs up to Will's face, clutched them knowingly while he watched the other man obediently tilt his chin and open his mouth. Will closed his eyes, listening to his own heartbeat in his ears and Hannibal's heavy, lustful breath, until he felt that trickle of liquid on his tongue as Hannibal wrung his briefs out into his mouth. It was much more than he'd expected, but he swallowed it all obediently – that which didn't run down his chin and spill over his neck, of course. Hannibal twisted them again, from a different angle, and Will all but wrapped his mouth around Hannibal's hand to make sure he got a taste.

That seemed to give Hannibal ideas. He laughed a single note, almost a scoff rather than a chuckle, before pushing the bundle of Will's twisted briefs into his mouth. That action excited him, as he promptly took them by both sides and shoved the bunch of piss-saturated cloth as

far back as he could, as if it were a gag meant to be tied around the back of his head. Will kneaded it between his teeth and purred behind his tongue. “You like that?” Growled Hannibal, voice tight from repressing the full strength of his desire. Will nodded. Hannibal let go of the wet underwear, relieving his previous force, but continued toying with them, roughly churning the mess of heather-gray fabric. “Yes, of course you like that, filthy little creature.” Hannibal rasped, clutching Will's gag with vigor. “Filthy, Will; so filthy.”

Will sank his teeth into his own damp underwear as though worried Hannibal was going to yank them away from him. “Yes, you dirty, kinky, *perfect* little...” Muttered Hannibal. He clenched his fist and then relaxed it immediately, heaving a robust sigh of what sounded like relief. “Perfect little prince. *Mano princas,* Will; my prince.” He continued to murmur, disconnected words of praise which he had decided didn't need to make sense to Will to convey how he felt about him. Halfway to panting by now, Hannibal moved his hand down to stroke Will's jaw. Will relaxed his mouth, and Hannibal gently tugged the wad of fabric out from between his teeth.

“Will you take your shirt off for me?” Hannibal crooned. Will nodded vigorously and immediately set about unbuttoning his top – as soon as Hannibal was off of him enough to allow as much. The other man's hands slid up underneath his shirt as soon as it was open, tracing the divots in his muscles as they contracted with his shuddering breaths. Will was quite thoroughly interrupted in the process of removing his shirt as Hannibal took over, all but tearing Will's shirt off of his shoulders. He tossed it carelessly to the floor and let his dark, warm eyes adore Will's nude visage. “You're so beautiful, Will” Hannibal growled, reverent but rough. His fingertips dug in to Will's thighs as he massaged there, barely tasting the wet, slick skin while he wantonly eyed Will's cock. “Now, come on. Get up on the bed – all the way up.”

And, just like that, Hannibal's tender-yet-pressing heat was gone. Will felt a compulsion to whimper in longing and leap up to grab Hannibal and bring him in close once again. He didn't, of course; he obeyed Hannibal's order dutifully, pulling himself up so that he was sitting near the middle of the bed widthwise. He was rather surprised when he saw Hannibal pull himself up to *stand* on the bed, but he immediately understood what their intended juxtaposition was, and stayed still so as not to upset Hannibal's balance. Will sat, legs folded, beneath him, looking up at Hannibal with his best charming doe eyes. It was certainly not the first time Will had seen him from such an angle, and undoubtedly wouldn't be the last, but this time he felt a unique surge of excitement. His already-fast pulse spiked even more, and a sort of awed open-mouthed smile flashed across his face.

“Would you like to do the honors?” He heard Hannibal ask from above him, his hand perched provocatively right above his belt line. Will understood what he meant right away, but still gladly let his eyes languish as his gaze passed over the prominent bulge his erection had created in the front of his slacks. He was thrilled to finally be able to touch him, to run his palm up and down Hannibal's length, feel the heat and the gentle throb even through his clothes. After a moment or so, Hannibal gave a muted, tense grunt and warned, “We can't linger for too long, dear.”

Will tried not to smirk as he thought about how desperate Hannibal must have been, despite the face of pristine composure he had maintained thus far. Pale fingertips danced across

Hannibal's sleek leather belt as Will deliberately ignored his words. He wondered fitfully for a moment if he could manage to find the right spot to put pressure on, to torment him just as he had tormented Will earlier. He tried to pretend that the thought wasn't in his mind, as he idly unfastened the buckle on Hannibal's belt and undid his fly. Seeing the way his g-string struggled to pin down his erect cock as it twitched against his thigh, half-exposed already, Will couldn't help but grin a little. He contentedly nuzzled at the sleek fabric and laid soft, teasing kisses onto the tip of Hannibal's cock, fingers coyly nudging the area just above his sex until he got the subtle flinch he was looking for. Holding his fingers there, but not pushing down any further, Will hummed and wrapped his lips around the head of Hannibal's cock, bobbing his head just a little bit and enjoying the subtle spasms that answered the conflicting sensations Hannibal was feeling.

Will nudged that spot right above his groin again, and he heard Hannibal give an indeterminate grunt in response. "*Will*..." Hissed Hannibal, tightly and desperately. "Ahh, please, I need to..." He murmured fitfully, reaching down to faintly grasp at Will's wrist.

"Tell me." Will murmured, taking a break from sucking him to flick at the band of Hannibal's g-string with his teeth. Hannibal sunk his fingers into Will's hair and kneaded his bouncy curls, groaning when Will ran his lips over the head of his cock again.

"I'm so full." He whispered, voice hushed by need. "Please, Will; I can't take it." Even when he was speaking so low, at a longing murmur, the timbre of an order snuck into his voice. Will could hear it, and in return pressed even harder on that point where his bladder felt it so vividly. Hannibal almost *whimpered*; it was a delightful sound, one that left Will licking his lips greedily, hungry for more. Hannibal was now finally to the point where he was *weak*, weak enough even to show Will a glimmer of said weakness. Will coyly pulled Hannibal's g-string down to free his cock all the way (though it didn't make that much of a difference), biting his lip as finally got an eyeful of his erection fully bare, perfectly hard and quivering from the combined effects of his full bladder and his state of arousal.

Will wanted to suck him, to bury Hannibal's cock in his mouth and taste salty drops of precum on the back of his tongue, but he withheld. As much as he wanted to suck Hannibal's cock, he wanted Hannibal to piss on him even more.

Fuck. He wanted Hannibal to *piss* on him – and they were way past denials. Past staggering shamefully through graceless confessions, biting down on guilty fantasies to keep them from leaving his lips. Will looked back up at Hannibal, doe eyes wide and baby blue, and smiled.

"Come on." He purred, straightening his back so that Hannibal's cock very nearly brushed against his chest. "Mark your territory, big boy."

Hannibal *loved* to mark him; though he thought it quite uncouth to leave love bites on his neck where they could be seen, he staked his claim to the rest of Will's body with fervor - usually with his mouth, sucking reddish blood spots up to the surface or leaving perfect circles of bruises with his teeth, but sometimes with his nails as well, scoring Will along his back and thighs. And it *was* marking, indeed, as evidenced by one of his favorite pastimes being revisiting those places his mouth had left its imprint, laving over the marks he'd left with his tongue and thrilling at the notion that Will was covered all over with signs of him.

Hannibal pursed his lips at Will's crude turn of phrase, cupped the base of his cock, and held still. His muscles quivered and relaxed, and Will sat back expectantly, giving Hannibal free rein over his body. Despite his urges, he didn't shift or wriggle in excitement, didn't reach out to paw needily at Hannibal or lick his shaft any more, but convinced himself to stay put – relaxed and submissive, ready, wanting. Hannibal's cock twitched sumptuously, followed by a trickle down his slit, then an arc that leapt forward and struck Will in the chin. His lips had been parted, and a few scarce drops of piss landed on his tongue. Will started, having expected it to hit his chest, then lifted his chin so that the stream hit his neck instead. Hannibal coaxed it a little lower, letting the stream make contact beneath his collarbones, running straight down between his pecs, glistening as it poured over his body.

The scent was, naturally, much stronger to Will than that of his own. It was acrid but mostly musky, harsh and masculine, yet Will felt content thinking about it covering him, marking him with Hannibal's smell. Not just content, but pleased – *excited*, even, by that idea. Hannibal moaned quietly, ecstatic to finally have release, and licked his lips as he watched his urine race down Will's abdomen. Will leaned back, relaxing and showing Hannibal that he was free to do as he pleased. The heat of the piss rippling down his muscles made his cock twitch desperately, at which his hand lurched down to his cock and he started stroking himself vigorously. When Hannibal didn't reprimand him, he gladly continued, his hand racing up and down the length of his shaft. Hungry, breathy moans eked from his mouth, not a touch of remorse following them.

The stream was hitting his abs by now, with Hannibal apparently growing impatient to cover more of him. Will looked up at him, nostrils flaring, pupils blown, and then, in one fluid motion, pulled himself back up to dip his hair into the current, feel the pleasing warmth leak down through his curls, then cascade over the back of his neck and sides of his face. Reveling thoughtlessly in the feeling, Will was caught quite off guard when he felt Hannibal's fingers weave through his wet hair. Before he could react, Hannibal pulled his head forward and his piss was racing down Will's back, funneling through the trough of his spine, pouring over him like hot water from a showerhead. “Wouldn't want to miss a spot.” Murmured Hannibal, kneading Will's hair as he watched him get soaked.

"Mmh, cover me all over.” Will moaned, stroking himself vigorously again and softly closing his eyes into the tactile feeling, the smell, the sensation of filthiness as Hannibal marked him, *owned* him, made Will his. He relaxed so much in that split second that he was taken by surprise yet again when Hannibal moved him again, pushing him back so that the arc was aimed at the base of Will's neck again.

Will leaned into it, let it graze his chin again, then tipped his head and opened his mouth, dipping his tongue into the steady flow. “You like it in your mouth, hmm?” Hannibal moaned softly, his eyes dark and full of desire. Will hummed in agreement, stomach fluttering as the taste covered all of his tongue. Within a second it was pouring over, racing down his chin, and Will leaned back and spit his mouthful down at his body, unsure of whether or not he should swallow it. Hannibal was still going, still full of piss, still spilling out onto Will. God, it was the hottest fucking thing he'd ever seen.

Striving, needing to worship him, Will leaned up to lick the tip of his cock, Hannibal's urine spilling into his mouth then dribbling back down his chin as he tongued his slit. Hannibal

moaned loudly and gripped the hair on the back of Will's head with vigor, desperately trying to keep himself from thrusting into Will's mouth. The thought sent a *surge* through Will's body, like an electric shock, pushing him right up to the brink.

He knew what would get him there. He *knew*, but he had to ask for it, had to pull down that last bit of bashfulness and say it out loud. For a few fragments of a second, he stayed silent, biting his lip, then whimpered and managed to gasp, “Hannibal, please...please piss on my cock.” Hannibal almost grinned, baring his teeth ever-so-slightly in a handsome, arrogant display. No further warning preceded him pushing his shaft downwards, suddenly flooding the torrid harmony between Will's hand and his sex. This, if anything, *invigorated* Will. He rubbed himself at a rapid pace, the hot liquid almost adding more friction than it lessened. The stream grazed his slit, filled him with heat so immense he felt like he was melting, and all of a sudden, before he even realized it, he was coming.

Will uttered a hitching gasp as though in surprise, eyes widening and hand contracting around his shaft; there was still piss streaming through his fingers as his cock surged and he spilled onto his stomach, which tensed in abrupt heaves as his breath was forced out of his lungs by the need to cry with pleasure. The first few waves of his orgasm were overwhelming, so much so that he could do nothing but shut his eyes and moan wildly, feeling heavy strings of cum leap up and strike his taut abdominal muscles while piss continued to leak over the lower part of his shaft and his inner thigh. As the high shakily began to fade, Will cracked his eyes open. At the same time, Hannibal exhaled deep, slow breaths, and the arc of piss streaming from the end of his cock weakened and slowly petered down to a halt.

Before the aftershocks of his own orgasm were even over, Will lurched forward to lick the last few drops of piss from the end of Hannibal's cock, twirling his tongue around it with a soft, adoring look in his eyes. Hannibal groaned tightly, the sudden burst of stimulation confounding his nerves, his body not built to do one of these things so immediately after the other. Will, however, wasted no time; he took Hannibal's shaft in his hand and held it steady while his mouth worked vigorously against the tip, all but assailing him with pleasure. Apparently disregarding how much of Will's hair was wet with piss, Hannibal grasped at the back of his head in desperation for some sort of stability or control. His fingers sank straight through the heavy curls and clung to them without restraint, at which Will suddenly grew even more fervent. His hand began pumping back and forth at a jarringly fast pace at the same time he sucked him, taking Hannibal's cock up to the back of his mouth before drawing back again just as quickly. There he paused to lap at the head of the shaft with his tongue, licking in circles and rubbing it against the slit until he felt Hannibal's hand twitch in his hair and hips threaten to buck deeper into his mouth. At that, Will relented, gladly pushing it down until he felt pressure in his throat once more.

“Will...” Gasped Hannibal, his voice wrenched from his mouth as though he truly couldn't contain himself. Will reached an arm up to grab Hannibal by his hip, silently encouraging him to buck deeper into his throat. A faint gag welled up behind Will's tongue, but he didn't let it halt him, eagerly pushing further despite the way his body protested, throat tightening in repulsion around his prize. He was able to urge it just a little bit deeper before he had to pull back, chest heaving as he gasped for air as though he had been drowning. A few deep breaths, and soon he was back at it, not giving Hannibal one extra moment of downtime. Hannibal's only answer to this was an indeterminate grunt, perhaps in surprise at Will's

voracity or as a stifled expression of the intensity of his pleasure. Will forced Hannibal's shaft back into his throat again, taking slightly more on his next attempt, then withdrew again with a flurry of heavy, raspy breaths. With a glad purr he leaned forward to lap at the steady flow of precum from the tip, even more thrilled when Hannibal gave a strained huff and clutched the back of his head.

Will let his mouth stay occupied there for a few seconds before Hannibal at last gave him a needy little push, unable to idly tolerate any more teasing. He suckled obediently for a moment, but rather quickly pulled off and looked up at Hannibal, who gave him a surprised, expectant look in response. Despite every confession and admission that he had managed to force out of his throat that night, a fresh wave of shyness choked him once again. In a quiet, demure voice, he murmured, “I feel like...I think I could...I could pee a little more.” as though he was confessing an exciting secret or something. “Do you...do you want me to?”

“Ah, yes, Will.” Shuddered Hannibal, with the feral and lustful look of a wild animal commanding his face. “Stay there. Let me see.” He all but growled, voice dark and husky and so deeply arousing that Will felt his spent cock throb at the mere sound. He couldn't help but think about how much Hannibal's voice made him want to obey, even though he had every intention of doing so regardless. Will did as he was bade, not leaning forward again but keeping one hand around Hannibal's cock while he reached the other down to hold his own. For a few quiet moments he sealed his focus on stroking Hannibal's shaft, eagerly attentive as he listened to Hannibal's soft grunts of restrained pleasure and felt his pulse surge in the veins that lined his cock, then with a muted whine he was able to release again. Hot urine raced down his thigh for a few seconds before he pushed his shaft back towards his stomach and let it surge up along his stomach, muddling the streaks of his seed.

Will felt his sex continue quivering, arousal burning low in his core despite the fact that he'd come so very shortly before. “Good, Will. Get yourself wet for me again.” Came a raspy sigh of satisfaction from Hannibal, which prompted Will to stroke him even faster. “That's it. Keep going.” He panted, though whether he was encouraging Will to keep rubbing his cock or keep pissing on himself was far from explicit. Fortunately for him, and indeed for both of them, Will wasn't about to stop either. Watching Will was pushing Hannibal closer and closer and Will could feel it, which in turn made his hand work faster and faster.

“*Will*,” Hannibal gasped, his face flushed deeply and his breath faltering just past his lips. Will barely even felt the arc of piss against his stomach as it relented and petered out to nothing, as trained as his attention was on his partner. “I'm going to come. Open...open your mouth.” He ordered, out of instinct reaching down to hold Will by his wrist in a fitful attempt to keep some control over him. Will let his mouth loll open, pushing his tongue over his lower lip and tilting his chin, nudging as close as possible. He wanted it, wanted *all* of it, wanted to taste him and swallow him, let Hannibal watch and feel satisfied knowing that Will was thoroughly his. It was the very least Will could give him to show how greatly he appreciated Hannibal's willingness to indulge him, especially so thoroughly and with such zeal of his own.

Hannibal's other hand lurched down to hold Will by the side of his face, making sure without a doubt that he held his mouth in that perfect position while Hannibal came. Within a second the taste of Hannibal's climax hit his tongue, and he narrowly stopped himself from closing

his mouth to swallow before Hannibal was finished. The flurried strokes of his hand slowed down, calmly and contentedly guiding him through his orgasm. It was also one of the few times he had ever truly heard Hannibal moan *loudly*, particularly without prompting. Hannibal had more than a tendency to stifle his sounds of pleasure, forcing himself to be quiet as though moaning out loud made him ungentlemanly. Will always wanted to hear him but always had to work for it, with the ecstatic exception of this particular instance. Will was surprised, certainly, but more than pleased.

Most of Hannibal's cum ended up in his mouth, but an errant string or two hit his upper lip, leaping up towards his cheek. Will let his mouth close as quickly as possible, swallowing what was in his mouth without a single beat of hesitation. Hannibal's ardent, erratic moans quickly descended into soft, hoarse panting, and Will looked up at him expectantly, relishing in his tender expression, the natural weakness that overcame him in the wake of his climax.

Often, after they were both finished, Hannibal would hold him for a little while, running gentle fingers through his hair and all over his body, murmuring soft words of praise. Then he would help Will get clean, even going so far as to wipe the sweat from his brow despite Will's insistence he could do such himself. He would tend to Will's sore spots, keep encouraging him, lay kisses on his forehead, at the base of his jaw, along his neck. This time, however, that wasn't really available to them, and Will felt a pang of disappointment at that absence.

Hannibal either anticipated this or simply picked up on Will's subtle cues, for as quickly as Will had realized he wouldn't get much physical affection immediately he felt Hannibal's thumb swipe across his upper lip. For an instant he thought nothing of it, before recalling that Hannibal had come on his face and eagerly licking it off, assuming that was what Hannibal wanted. “Good boy.” Sighed Hannibal in apparent satisfaction, then lifting his hand to stroke Will's (still wet) hair with the back of his hand. “That was good, hmm?” He murmured, at which a fresh, unexpected surge of shyness hit Will yet again.

“Y...yes.” Will answered, his voice emerging more timid than he had wanted it to sound. “That was...” Will tried to find a word, a way to say *'perfect'* that didn't sound far too unfitting and awkward. Yet he didn't manage to find one before the silence itself was about to become just as much of both. “I don't know what to say.” He finally conceded, coyly looking away from Hannibal's face.

“You enjoyed it.” Dismissed Hannibal. “That's what matters.” He petted the drier parts of Will's hair for another moment before suggesting, “We'll have to do something like this again some time, won't we?”

Will all but froze when he heard that. Somehow, in his head, this had been restricted to a one-time game, a gesture of good faith towards Will and his willingness to share his desires with Hannibal. But – to do this *again*? To do *more*? The possibility was already breeding new fantasies within the depths of Will's vivid imagination. “You mean that?” He asked, eyes wide in surprise and excitement.

“I would be open to it.” Answered Hannibal, in far too casual of a voice for how revelatory this was for Will. “Of course, we should discuss the details when the time comes. First, I need to clean things up a little – and you do as well, I think.”

Will blushed at the implication, finally glancing around and realizing how much of a mess they had really made of the bed. “Maybe next time we'll, uhh, do it in the shower.” Will suggested rather sheepishly, trying to hide the fact that he was blushing yet again. “Or at least get a mattress cover.” He joked at a murmur. Hannibal huffed at his joke, implying he was at least mildly amused, which Will took to be a good sign.

“I'll worry about cleaning up for now.” Said Hannibal softly. “You should go shower, dear. And don't worry about your wet clothes, either; I'll bring you something clean to wear.” He continued, his voice unusually soft and tender for his demeanor. Will was about to protest, suggesting that Hannibal didn't need to do so much on his own, but he knew it would be in vain. With half of a sigh at his partner's persistence, Will at last pulled himself off the bed, his knees sore from sitting in the same position for so long.

Heading for the shower, a part of him felt loath to wash away that scent, the sensation of being *marked* that it gave him. What a lurid, entirely *filthy* thought to have. And to think that earlier that night he had been choking on his voice in shame and embarrassment, barely even able to force the words out of his mouth to tell Hannibal what he wanted. Sometimes, it seemed, things went differently than expected.

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